And our indentures tripartite are drawne.
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A buſines that this night may execute:)
To morrow cooſen Percy you and I
And my good Lord of Worceſter will ſet forth,
To meet your father and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewſbury.
My Father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall wee need his helpe theſe foureteene dayes;
Within that ſpace, you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friendes and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glen. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whome you now muſt ſteale, and take no leaue
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.
Hot. Me thinkes my moity North from Burton here
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monſtrous ſcantle out:
Ile haue the current in this place damd vp,
And here the ſmug and ſiluer Trent ſhall run,
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deepe indent
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.
Glen. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his courſe, and runs me vp, with like aduantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent, as much, as on the other ſide, it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this North ſide, win this cape of land
And then he runs ſtraight and euen,
Hot. Ile haue it ſo, a little charge will do it.
Glen. Ile not haue it altred.
Hot. Will not you?
Glen. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen. VVhy, that wil I,
Hot. Let me not vnderſtand you then, ſpeake it in welſh.
Glen. I can ſpeake Engliſh, Lord, as well as you,
For I was traind vp in the Engliſh Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe
Many an Engliſh dittie, louly wel,
And gaue the tongue a helpeful ornament:
A vertu that was neuer ſeene in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it, with al my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame miter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a braſen canſtick turnd,
Or a dry wheele grat on the axle-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing ſo much as minſing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling nag.
Glen. Come you ſhal haue Trent turnd.
Hot. I do not care, Ile giue thrice ſo much land
To any wel deſeruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a heaire.
Are the indentures drawne? ſhal we be gone?
Glen. The Moone ſhines faire, you may away by night:
Ile haſt the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am afraide my daughter will runmad,
So much ſhe doteth on her Mortimer. *Exit*
Mor. Fie, cooſen Percy, how you croſſe my father.
Hot. I cannot chuſe ſometime he angers me
VVith telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies:
And, of a dragon and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulten Rauen,
A couc hing Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of skimble skamble ſtuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt night, at leaſt, nine houres,
In reckning vp the ſeuerall diuels names